THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Come Back.

Come back! we long to see you again.
That blue eye's liquid beauty,
Now fondly pictured, the o'ean
In wild and wavy dreams.
Those sun-lit smiles that ever shone
In beauty from thy heart,
And gave what guiltless thoughts alone,
Can to such charms impart.

Come back! bay of the glossy brow,
The soft and spotless cheek,
Nerve whom, ah! do your bitterness now
The bloom and blushes speak.
The fool'r that mantle above the tongue
That blush would still deny
While from its sudden efforts sprung
New beauties in the eye.

Come back! we miss a radiant star
From the celestial sphere,
And those that twinkle still afar,
Seem glimmering on a tear—
We trace a rainbow from the sky,
The heart grows sick of light,
And prone to feel the quickening cry
The clearest pour on the night.

Come back the lustre to the cheek—
The hell in dull and drear,
The watch wou still that is late,
While hope still feeds on fear—
The echoes of thy latest word
Were hanging on the sound,
And by the multiple hearts stirred,
Back in the air rebounded.

Come back! we miss that gentle tone,
Which help and song in vain
Would turn to pleasure when alone,
To have the soul from pain,—
Or has thy hurried voice ever gave
The heart as thrill of joy,
And had our weakness been to love—
Come back my blue-eyed boy.

Yes, back! the truth an often likes
Grows dreamy fancy's scope,
And makes those accents, long at rest,
Re-vibrate in the hope;
And dreams to footsteps echo sounds
Upon some well-known floor,
While the designed heart rebounds
To lend the blue eye back.

Let measure, weary with the race
While wandering o'er the past,
Must find how vain 'twere to renew
The rare not dreamed to last—
For night must wear the hand if for yet,
While thoughts of former blue
May tune to mock us, and destroy
The little hope we suggest.

Yet back, if but a moment's guess
Those lowering clouds to part,
That hue I sought ever to possess
May fall upon the heart
It was for purer purpose, and death
Were valued in double gloom,
Should that fair cherished hope of such
Be cherished in the tomb.

ANNA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Soliloquy of a Young Poet.

A dreaming's fleeting dream!
Childhood has passed with all its joy and song;
And my fond heart, on life's impetuous stream,
Is swiftly hurrier along.

High hopes sprung up within,
Hopes of the future, visions of glory—fame—
Which prompt me mind to toil, and led me win,
That dream—a deathless name!

Now morning's golden gate
Beams on the eastern sky, as twilight's shade;
When the gale moves lightly on the world below,
In all her sunny prospect

By light of evening's star
Which looked down with an unbeclouding eye—
Like a home was her gazing from afar—
In heaven on the sky.

When, in the sultry noon,
The weariest monsters seek the cooling rill,
And, at ease by a quiet cover,
Chew the cud of multiple moon.

They house me still

Around my youthful soul
Those glorious visions are ever firmly set,
Yes, they have bound me to their stern control
Which I've shall ever.

I know it all is vain,
That earthly fame and honors must decay—
That all is fleeting brought by toil and pain,
Pure, with wreath, away.

But still my spirit high
Longing for fame soon by the immortal mind,
On Fancy's pinions, thus would wake the sky,
And have done all I can.

Yes, I would write my name
With the sun's burning ray, on heav'n's broad scroll!
Till I might still this restless thirst for fame,
Which fills my soul!

HAYES

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Fort Griswold,

A Tale of the American Revolution.

BY JOSEPH HOUGHTON, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

It was upon an afternoon in June—the sun was majestically coursing down in the west, and the day was bright with his rich descending glories. The sparkling Thames rolled quietly onward to its peaceful meeting with the waves of the Sound, each lady to the south, and whose bright waters gleamed in the golden sunlight like a variegated shield, while its broad bosom, scattered forth the gay clouds and the deep blue sky above. The air was vocal with the songs of birds, and fragrant with the perfume of a thousand flowers. Within a rustic bower that crowned a gentle hill-top, surrounded by luxuriant shrubs, and by historical associations, but at a beautiful girl, lobbing in her hand a richly embroidered pocket-handkerchief, which she had just finished. A scale of pleasure curled her beautiful lip, as she held it up and surveyed it.

"Ah—this will well become my hero lover. He will wear it for my sake. And William, will he not love me more for this beautiful token? But why don't the truant come? He should have been here ere now."

A light step was heard without, and Mary Redman arose, and eagerly hastened to meet the comer. At the threshold, she encountered, not her expected William, but a young officer in regimentals, wearing the British uniform. She blushed deeply with surprise and disappointment, and hastily lowering her head, as the officer led her to a seat within the bower.

"Is it you, Colonel William?" exclaimed Mary. "I thought, since the death of your cousin Audrey, you found no time to absent yourself from your friends, Colonel Edward Harlan."

"Love is ever fruitful in expedients, my sweet Mary—and I have left the camp once more to visit you, and hopefully to see you my bride. I have caused the Delancey with his army, and had proceeded as far as Kingsbridge, to join Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton. In addition to this the Count De Grasse has our magazine, and just now I could not be with you."

Mary was truly embarrassed. Wilton's manner attracted so much of confidence in his suit, that it was with difficulty she could decline it in a reply.

"How, Colonel Wilton," she said, at length, "I esteem you highly as a friend—nay I may say as I could a brother—but—"

"Mary!"

"I cannot be your. I dearly, deeply, devotedly—"

"Love another."

Wilton rose calmly, and taking her hand, said—

"I thank you Mary, for this frankness, and this confidence in me, though the thought is a bitter one, that you are to be another's. Nay, now that I refuse upon it, it was rashness in me to suppose you would not give your preferences to some young American. Besides could I expect, that your uncle and guardian, Colonel Lanyard, (who is also a distant kinsman to me, Mary,) would sanction your union with me, so long as the war continues. But will you not further give me your confidence? tell me who is the happy possessor of your heart?"

"There he stands," replied Mary, pointing to the entrance.

Wilton turned round to behold him.

"What—Lieutenant William De Hotham!—Your kind, my dear fellow!" exclaimed Wilton, blushing to the temples, at his situation. "You are right, Mary," he added, after regaining his composure. "De Hotham deserves all your love; and Heaven forbid I should wrong him, who once preserved me from death. I was captured by a scouting party of American soldiers. Do you remember that, my dear boy?" Yes, Mary, you are perfectly right. God bless you both. Farewell!" and Wilton hastened from the bower; and soon after mounting the horse who heard bearing him upon the road.

"What, Mary," said De Hotham, smiling, "did the young British officer, offer to surrender the citadel of his heart—and of Fort Griswold?"

"Did you not hear him?" responded Mary.

"Yes, Mary—I was the witness of all that passed, and of all that Wilton said. He had just just entered the bower, when I came up. And so, you found the courage to tell him, you loved another. You thousand thanks, my sweet girl, for that, and for what I saw. I have been deeply piqued, and disappointed."

"I am proud of your penance, William, since you have yourself witnessed that I have deserved them. But, see, I have been for—indeed—I am afraid, in posting the sash, she had wrought, upon De Hotman's smiles.

"Thanks, again, my gentle Mary," said De Hotman, imprinting a kiss upon the forehead of the fair one; "I will trust that you have not been remiss sure as did the knights of old, the kindled tresses of their ladies love—and of glory."

"Heaven defend our village of New London from her hands!" responded Mary.

"It is to defend it, Mary, that we have erected Forts Trumbull and Griswold—the latter under the command of the brave Colonel Ledyard, whose Lieutenant I am. No danger threatens us at present, however, from the enemy; but a change from his present quarters, would leave us open to attack."

Twilight had now fallen over the landscape and the river—Mary arose to depart, and De Hotman closed the petals of the blossoms. Leaning on the arm of De Hotman, Mary went from the bower to her home, the residence of Colonel Ledyard. How long the young soldier lingered upon the door-stone—how often the parting kiss, and the assertion, "proud night," were repeated, the experience of many of my readers can perfectly accurately determine.

CHAPTER II.

Upon an evening, at the close of the summer, in the year 1781, Mr Henry Clinton had assembled around him his counsels, and officers of the army, for the purpose of devising plans against an expected attack of the American army upon the city of New York.

"You are aware, gentlemen," said Sir Henry, "that the rebel Commander has for some weeks been preparing for which our position in the city. A project, as well as a brave soldier, is Washington, and we must expect to call upon us in this office. The chances would have been against us, but for the recent arrival of our three thousand German soldiers so much needed indeed. What say you, General Knyphausen?" continued the British Commander, addressing that officer, "do you think your countrymen will fill the many vacancies in the ranks of the British army, but for the arrival of the Germans, I should have retained?"

"Ah, Sheneral Clinton, intend vill dey. You vill see, Sheneral Washington vill not dare come to make no ting of pesting dow tam rebel Yankees, and den eat dem up, if necessary, afterwards."

"No doubt of it," interrupted Colonel Wilton, who was one of Sir Henry's staff, "and if they are likely to fall in a regular quarrel, let them attack the Dutch at them, and my word for it, they'll carry the day."

"Wilton" exclaimed Sir Henry, endeavoring to call up a frown at the waggish young officer, while he let his lip in vain to keep down the laughter that was rising at this remark, and in which the other officers joined. Wilton bowed, as his superior pronounced his name, and lifting a mock-solemn air at his humorous remark, he and others composed. Sir Henry then turned to Knyphausen, and said,

"No doubt your country-men are brave, General, but you know the old adage, 'the good of the pudding, &c.' and that expected descent of Washington and his rebel army, will test the bravery of both English and Germans. The rebel's movements are already a little ready. He has broken up his camp at New Windsor, and crossed the Hudson—the New Jersey troops, I have no doubt, are on the line from the fortifications here, so as to give our battle in the open field."

"Ha!" he exclaimed, as a sudden a vessel suddenly, would be! If I might advise you, Sir Henry, I would say at home here. I couldn't leave my wife and room. If de rebel vants de city, let him come and take it, if he can."

"Why General Knyphausen," said Colonel Wilton, your brave Germans wouldn't like to be cooped up here in the garrison, when there's fighting to be had in the field, would they? I judged from your description, that they were eager to make a meal of these rain-bred Yankees," as you call them."

Sir Henry shook his head at Wilton, and Knyphausen, by this time, comprehended the jest of the latter, turned upon Wilton with a look that for a moment, seemed to say, that he had gone far enough. Wilton was preparing to send his wrath in his accustomed jests, when a messenger entered hastily, with despatches to the Commander from Lord Cornwallis.

Sir Henry hastily opened one of the letters, and during the perusal, his countenance exhibited first a look of surprise, then of pleasure, and finally of joy. At the conclusion he crumpled the letter in his hand, and addressed the officers assembled. In high excitement—

"What a deft I am! the arch-rebel has indeed caught a weasel asleep," General Knyphausen!" "You will be astonished at the crushed letter, and read from it aloud, as follows:—

YORKTOWN, Aug. 30, 1781.

"You have been expecting Washington and General Lafayette and intended movements in this campaign, are completely deceived. Just before the arrival of despatches that Washington contemplated an attack upon New York, and all his troops were accordingly put in motion. Pretending such to be his determination, and knowing that, in carrying out such movements, the enemy would play almost all his entire army, thereby withdrawing troops from nearly every other point, I expected to succeed in this way in the reduction of Virginia. I have succeeded. In a few months, have invested the entire south part of the province, and captured its people. In the meantime, I left counsel that Washington would not attack New York, but intended to draw the rebel troops, which would probably put an end to this war. Sir Henry Clinton entirely fell into the snare which I set for him, and Washington, with the flower of the rebel army, and had proceeded as far as Kingsbridge, to join Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton. In addition to this the Count De Grasse has our magazine, and just now could not be with you. Washington, has blockaded by the mouth of York and James rivers, with a powerful fleet of all conceivable kinds of French and Spanish vessels, and with a land force of seven thousand men, which consists one of such a design. Lafayette has also succeeded in uniting their forces with those of Washington, and the whole army is now in the vicinity of Yorktown, and will be ready to attack you in a few days. Clinton, with his troops, is now on the road to the rebel Yankees," as you call them."

"Not so fast, Mr. Westbrook," said the old quartermaster, who overheard us by chance—"do you see that?" and he pointed to a rocket which that instant shot up from the deck of the frigate, and then arching over in the sky, broke into a thousand sparkles, which fell shivering to the water. "If I know anything of such sky-lighters, that bloody Englishman has a consort somewhere hereabouts—and there he is on our lee-bow, the varmint."

We both turned around hastily as he spoke, and, sure enough, a rocket was seen streaming, comet-like, through the heavens, apparently sent up from a ship well on our lee-bow.

"By the true cross!" sung out O'Shaughnessy, at this instant, "here's another fellow wasting his fireworks to windward. Shure, and, as the thief said to the hangman when he saw the crowd, we're beset—ohone!"

I could scarcely contain my laughter, although by this time rockets were rising into the air on our three sides, with a rapidity which showed that we had got somewhere into the midst of the channel fleet, and that the frigate astern was telegraphing to her consorts of our whereabouts. Our situation was alarming in the extreme. Beset on all sides, we had scarcely the slightest chance of escape, our only hope, in fact, consisting in the darkness of the night, and the ignorance of our position on the part of the men-of-war ahead. For a moment—and it was the only one of the kind in his life—our skipper seemed to be at fault; and he stood near the starboard railing, with his teeth firmly clenched and his brow contracted, gazing vacantly ahead. Suddenly, however, he turned to the man at the wheel, and ordered him to bear up toward the sail on our weather bow. He then sent down into his cabin for a catalogue of the English navy, which we had taken in a prize but a few days before.

Meanwhile the frigate astern had vanished in the gathering gloom, while the man-of-war on our lee-bow was yet unseen. The enemy, however, off our weather cat-head, began to loom faint and shadowy through the fog, and just as he became distinctly defined against the horizon, we heard the roll of the drum beating to quarters, and directly beheld in our fire a heavy frigate, with her ports open and lighted, and a formidable battery frowning across the gloom. We had by this time edged away so as to bring the Englishman a point or two on our lee-bow, and now, running up the British ensign, we bore boldly toward the foe. Every one saw that a ruse was intended, though in what manner it was to be executed we were yet in doubt, and more than one of us trembled for the event. A few moments of breathless suspense brought us up to the Englishman, and as we passed on opposite tacks, and looked up at his enormous hull, and his vast batteries overshadowing us, even the stoutest heart felt a momentary flutter. The captain of the frigate stood in the mizzen rigging, looking down on our little craft, while our own skipper, with hat off, gazed up at his enemy from the quarter-deck larboard gun. It was luckily too dark to see our uniforms from the frigate's deck.

"What craft is that?" thundered the English captain.

"The Alert, of his Britannic Majesty's navy—Captain Sasheby," answered the skipper. "What frigate have we had the honor of telegraphing?"

"The Achilles—Captain Norton. Come to under our lee. You were in chase; at least so we understood the lights. What has become of the enemy?—he was the same one, we suppose who fired the vessel whose light we saw up to windward."

"Ay! the scoundrel was the Yankee schooner, whom the admiral has sent us down specially to overhaul. We lost her in the fog, but thought she had gone down toward you."

"You'd better keep less away," said the English captain. "Fill on you course again. We shall beat up on your late track, lest the Yankee may have lain to, as the safest way to get off in this fog. If we throw up three rockets successively we shall want you to come up toward us. If we fire two guns, the rascal will be to windward; if one, to leeward."

"Ay, ay, sir!—fill away again!" and, with a courteous wave of the hand, the two captains parted company.

During the whole of this colloquy, we had lain to at but a short distance from the quarter of the foe, and, at any moment, if our disguise had been penetrated, we could have been sunk by a single broadside. Accustomed though we were to peril, our hearts beat at this dangerous proximity, and when at length we filled away on our course, and gradually lost sight of the frigate, the relief we experienced was indescribable. We kept away, cracking on every thing we could, and for nearly an hour our cheat remained undiscovered. At the end of that time, to judge by the rockets on the windward horizon, the three frigates learned that they had been outwitted. They doubtless gave us chase, but we were now clear of the fleet, and, moreover, had some leagues start of them. Before daylight we had made the French coast, and we were safely moored, before forty-eight hours, in the harbor of Brest.

German Style.

The Germans cannot speak, and for this reason mainly, they cannot write. If the King of Prussia, instead of a university at Berlin or Bonn, had, or could have, established a national parliament in the capital, we should not have waited long for a philosophy more intelligible than Hegel's, and men would have written history less profoundly, perchance, but more legibly than Niebuhr. Goethe said (in one of his edifying discourses to Eckermann) that an Englishman, qua Englishman, always writes well; that is to say, he writes clearly, distinctly, and energetically—which are the main qualities of a good style. It is notorious, on the other hand, that the Germans, as a nation, cannot write. How comes this? First, no doubt there is something weighty and elephantine in their whole nature, which strives in vain to attain the graceful agility and strength of the squirrel and the tiger. But we Britons are also of the Teuton stock. So we must even come back to the great want in Germany, the want of public life, of free independent action in society, as the real cause of that heavy, painful wading which so many of us have felt in our first experience of German books. In a university a man will never learn to write. It is our newspaper wars and our hustings speeches that have taught us to use the pen. To speak or to write for the masses, you must express yourself intelligibly at least, which is more than many famous German authors have done, or endeavored to do; above all, you must speak directly at the thing, without circumlocution or involution of any kind, with quarterstaff or small-sword, or simply boxing, which is one of the most characteristic of English things, and believed in Germany to be as essential to a John Bull as a horn is to a natural bull. Also, when we speak to the masses and to the general human heart, we must speak dramatically, and eschew abstraction. Hence our Scotts and our Shakspeares—hence the raciness, briskness, freshness, vividness, energy, and power, not only of our common novelists and romancers, as compared with the Germans, but of our daily talk, and of our vulgarest newspaper paragraphs and cheapest magazine articles. On the other hand, consider the German style; the style of university men and tenth-heaven philosophers. Observe the dense smoke coming out of that funnel; with what sublime (truly sublime) voluminosities it winds, and wreathes, and whirls, and rolls, and then disperses into—nothing! Something such is the similitude of some German styles, and the result of some German philosophers. But it is not always so pleasant, or so poetical. What throes would it not cost a plain-spoken direct Englishman to construct some of Immanuel Kant's sentences in the Critik, laboring, as they do, like an ill-constructed steam-engine, grandly clumsy, trailing slowly along like a half-created antediluvian crocodile, separating itself scarcely from the primeval slime; with a soul in the body most uncomfortably lodged, staring stonily, or with a stiff petrified frown, like the creature in Frankenstein, which the impious bungling of man made, and not God! Oh, if our German neighbors would only learn to write short sentences! Some of them do, thank God! There is a visible improvement latterly. Menzel writes like an Englishman, and Varnhagen von Ense might decorate the heads of all the tobacco-pipes in Heidelberg with Julias and Matildas, so neat is his pencil; but as for the Germans generally, you might as reasonably expect that the English lawyers should frame their counts with the epigrammatic neatness of Beranger's stanzas, as that a German professor, beneath folios and fumes, and beneath the eye of the censorship, should write books which an English gentleman will delight to read. As eating much makes a heavy body, so reading much makes a heavy soul. These professorial erudites stuff each sentence violently with every thing that can go into it, and a few others, as the clown stuffs his breeches-pockets in the pantomime. No wonder that they are clumsy and inelegant, heavy as a carrier's wain, and moving along as awkwardly and uncomfortably as a cow with a stick leg.—*Blackwood for August.*

The Gunpowder at Syracuse.

"There is," says the National Intelligencer, "something so extraordinary in the circumstance of the late horrid catastrophe at Syracuse, where thirty human souls have been blown into eternity, by the explosion of gunpowder in a carpenter's shop on the bank of the canal, as to attract more than an ordinary share of the public attention. It is said, in one of the accounts, that about twenty-five barrels was the quantity of gunpowder exploded. The existence of such a deposite of power in that place was a secret; or the people with their engines, and the spectators, men, women and children, would not have crowded around the flames as they did, but would, on the contrary, have run from them. *How came a deposite of twenty-five barrels of gunpowder to be made in such a place?* We have had reports, for a week or two past, of secret preparations on the Northern frontier for another patriotic (piratical) invasion of the British territory, and of deposites of munitions and means for these incendiary and predatory movements being made at different points, stealthily, and some by actual theft, as in the case of the State's cannon stolen. Was this quantity of gunpowder, concealed in a carpenter's shop, one of these deposites? This is a point well worth looking into; and, should it turn out to be as we suspect, it is hoped that every real patriot in that part of the country—every man who values the peace and welfare of his own country, and abhors ruffianism in any form or guise, will be on the alert to detect and defeat the plans of the conspirators against their country's honor and against the peace of the frontier."

SATURDAY POST.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 4, 1841.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unincumbered by *back balances*. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair start* together and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

To Correspondents.

"She Hath Pass'd Away!" shall appear at an early date.

"The Old Home Tree," is on file for an early insertion.

Of "I Think of Thee," we give a single stanza as a specimen.

"And whether still my days would glide
In sadness or in glee,
I often turn'd from all beside,
To think of thee.

"Festive Lines," are on file for insertion.

The author of "The Legend of St. Mary," is informed that his tale cannot appear in our columns.

"H. J. W." is under consideration.

Our Original Stories.

Our readers will find a good tale on our first page of this week; but we shall give them a better one in our next number. We have now been nearly a year engaged in publishing original stories, making it a practice to give one and sometimes two a week. The whole series is unrivalled. At this late day, others are beginning to follow the fashion we have set, endeavoring, like the plunderers who follow at a safe distance in the route of an army and who never come up until the action is over, to make up for their sloth by the noise and hubbub they create. All the better for the public. We have made them the gainers by our move, and they may rest assured that the Post will still continue to keep the lead as heretofore. We shall make no flourish of trumpets, but, what is better, show what we can do.

A Touching Scene.

Our brother Chandler of the U. S. Gazette has become distinguished by his short pathetic sketches of the every day sorrows of life. He is one who has a heart, exquisitely sensitive to the griefs of his fellow-creatures. The following sketch from the North American of Wednesday is somewhat after his style. It is a touching incident, related with great pathos.

"The sun was setting. A broad beam of golden light, lit up for a moment the entire firmament, and then sinking behind the fleecy clouds which thickly studded the western sky, clothed them in that gorgeous and variegated beauty, which all who have beheld, must acknowledge can never be described. We stood upon one of the wharves in the southern part of the city, and from our position, could behold almost the entire harbor. The river lay motionless before us, reflecting from its mirrored surface every object that rested upon it, save where some passing vessel left a long white line in its wake, stirring the waters into life for a moment, and then becoming motionless as before. We stood admiring the scene, when a cry, followed by a splash attracted our attention. At a short distance stood a small lad, looking eagerly over the wharf, while the tears, which rolled thick and fast down his cheeks most effectually prevented his seeing. His brother had fallen into the river. A small head rose to the surface—a hand was thrust upward, as if to grasp at an imaginary one, stretched out to aid—a convulsive movement agitated the waters—the body had sunk.

'Clear the gangway,' shouted a sailor, as throwing aside his jacket and tarpaulin, he sprung into the dock.

'Be the power's I'm in wid ye,' said an Irishman, at the same moment, and in a short time both men rose to the surface with the body. Pat having caught the boy by the hair, at the same time the tar had taken him by his limbs.

The lad when laid on the wharf, appeared to be no more than ten years of age. A few moments before he had been as merry and thoughtless as many of those who now gathered around his lifeless body. A crowd had as usual collected, and amid their many sage remarks upon the propriety of children keeping away from the water, &c., a woman, pale and breathless, rushed through the crowd to the body. It was his mother. Bitterly did she weep over her prostrate child, and earnestly did she plead with those who stood by to raise the lad, but no hand moved to do what their own hearts as well as her voice prompted. At this moment a slight convulsive movement of the boy's hand was noticed.

'He lives,' said the mother, and taking him up in her arms carried him through the streets to her home. Here the usual means were resorted to, and for two hours there appeared to be but little chance of his recovery. But she, the mother, urged on those who were kindly assisting her, at length the boy opened his languid eyes—made an effort to seize her hand and feebly uttered the word 'mother.'

'He lives, thank God, he lives,' was rather shrieked than said, and the poor woman sank insensible at his side."

Sub-Marine Apparatus.

An interesting experiment with the sub-marine armor of Capt. Taylor, was made on Monday at the Navy Yard, in the presence of a number of officers of the Navy and invited strangers. The Gunner of the Yard had consented to descend with the armor, and at one o'clock, the preparations commenced. Without removing any part of his usual apparel, other than his coat, the Gunner proceeded to equip himself, by fastening on a pair of broad copper bracelets on each leg, reaching from the ankle to the knee, and connecting with strong brass rings encircling the leg to the hip, where they were fastened to a series of broad copper bands, reaching to the waist, and over this armor, as it may very properly be termed, was drawn a pair of strong leather pantaloons, with feet overlapping, and fastening them to a broad and heavy brass circle, which joined to the upper part of the dress by strong clamps. The remaining portion, covering the head and breast, was formed in one piece of heavy copper, but of a very uncouth shape, having an eye fixed into the top, for the purpose of enabling it to be hooked on to a tackle. In the side of the breast plate, holes are cut for the arms to pass through; and in the front of the eyes is a circular hole, about three inches in diameter, on to which a frame screws, in which is fixed a piece of strong glass. Just below the face, the air pipe is fixed, connecting with a forcing pump, which was worked by two men. The pipe for the escape of the bad air is fixed at the back, and in such a manner as to allow of a perfectly free escape of the air, without the water being able to enter. The covering for the arms are of leather, securely fastened on to the breast plate, are so pliable, as to allow of a very free motion of the arms. Around the lower edge of the breast plate is fixed a brass circle, similar to that on the pantaloons. These fit closely together, and are held by strong clamps.

The dress having been completely donned, the pump was set in motion, and the adventurer was swung off the platform by means of the tackle, and lowered into the water; but although heavy weights had been fixed to his ancles and his body, he, on the first attempt being made, floated. Additional weight having been fastened on, he sunk gently down below the surface, and remained there for the length of six minutes, when, at the desire of several of the spectators, he was again drawn to surface, and speedily freed from his cumbrous apparel. He came out perfectly dry, and declared that he was perfectly easy under the water, and could remain below for a week.

The experiment was successful in every sense, and fully established the great utility of the invention.—Captain Taylor in person superintended the experiment.

Value of Rain.

We wish some accurate statistics could be gathered up, of the value of a shower to an agricultural district, suffering from drought. They would be both curious and instructive. In some regions of country, especially in western New York, the crops have suffered intensely for want of rain. Corn and potatoes were nearly destroyed. Within a few days, refreshing showers have fallen, and the withered and seared herbage has revived, although many persons supposed the crops past resuscitation. Even in some portions of our own State, this has been true. Friday and Saturday of last week, however, brought copious rains, and where the hopes of the farmer were blasted, generous crops will now be reaped. The effect upon the field is not the only blessing a generous rain confers. Streams were exhausted by the drought, and canal navigation in some places was suspended, and the wheels of business turned slow, if they turned at all. Copious rains fell. The crops were refreshed and vegetation revived. Rivers were replenished and navigation recommenced, and business no longer slumbered. It takes the people in the interior to appreciate, suitably, the *value of rain.*

A New Movement in Regard to the State Debt.

The people of Pennsylvania of both political parties—says Bicknell's Reporter—are beginning to turn their attention to the enormous debt by which the Commonwealth is burthened. This is right. The articles that have appeared in the Reporter have not been without effect. This we have reason to know by the many private letters received from intelligent and patriotic sources. Political journals are so wedded to party and the interests of party, that it is difficult to depend upon their statements. Not so an independent journal, governed by no clique, independent of all parties, and seeking to spread the truth before its readers. All are liable to err, and we may occasionally commit mistakes. But we shall never do so intentionally—never with any object merely pecuniary. We have deemed the foregoing necessary in vindication of our own course, especially as we have been attacked with great injustice by one or two party prints, because our statements, being true, have not in some instances suited the views of particular factions. But as already observed, the public are beginning to discover that our State debt is already too large; that it cannot be paid by boasting or vague assertion—and that unless measures be immediately taken to prevent its increase, the people will in the end be taxed to an insufferable extent. Thus both parties find it necessary to pledge their candidates against any further increase of our debt. Such a pledge has been exacted of the Van Buren Candidates for Assembly in the city of Philadelphia—and it will be seen by the following resolution, which was recently adopted by the Whigs and Anti-masons of Lancaster county, that a similar course has been deemed advisable in that section,—

Resolved, That the gentlemen this day nominated for members of General Assembly be requested, in case of their election, to use their utmost endeavor to prevent any further increase of the State debt, beyond the sum necessary to pay the interest on the debt already existing.

We also annex the Philadelphia resolution.

"Resolved, That each candidate on our Assembly ticket is hereby instructed in the event of his election to oppose all further increase of State loans or State debts, and to go for the most rigid economy in all our public expenditures, so as to free the people from the oppressive taxation that is now imposed upon them."

It will thus be seen that the views of the Reporter are likely to be adopted by both parties. We are glad of it. We love the honor of the State, and we admire the honesty of its people. Hence we pursue a course calculated to preserve and keep both pure and unimpaired.

Pennsylvania and New York.

A writer in the National Gazette makes the annexed comparison of the relative increase of Pennsylvania and New York, and argues that as much of the soil of Pennsylvania is not fit for agricultural tillage, she did not populate for the last forty years so rapidly as New York, which had large bodies of fine arable land opened upon the completion of her canals; but since they have been occupied, the resources of our state in coal, iron, &c. have been developed; that hereafter she will lead New York in numbers and in wealth; and cites the example of the southern or agricultural portion of England in former times, which far exceeded the north in population—but now the mines of the north are opened, and its population far outnumbers that of the south. As for our own state, the counties of the north and northwest, our mineral counties, almost without exception, show a ratio of from 80 to 100 per cent. increase.

From the year 1780 until 1830, every Census exhibited the Congressional representation of New York increasing in the proportion which it bore to that of Pennsylvania, owing to the rapid increase of population, as shown in the following tables:—

	New York.	Increase. 10 years.	Penn'a.	Increase 10 years.
1790	340,000,		434,000,	
1800	586,000,	72 per ct.	602,000,	38 per ct.
1810	950,000,	62 "	810,000,	"
1820	1,372,000,	33 "	1,049,000,	29 "
1830	1,918,000,	40 "	1,318,000,	28 "

From this we see that while in 1790, Pennsylvania exceeded New York near 100,000, in 1830 the latter exceeded the former nearly 600,000, and from its great population and rapid progress assumed the title of the Empire State.

The recent census furnishes us with the gratifying fact that the tables have turned, and that the rate of increase of Pennsylvania in the last ten years exceeds that of New York, as is here shown:

	New York.	Increase.	Penn'a	Increase.
1840	2,428,000,	26½ per ct.	1,724,000,	28 per ct.

The growth of Pennsylvania from 1820 to 1830 was 323,000, whereas, from 1830 to 1840 it has been 376,000, showing an increase of 53,000, whereas that of New York has fallen from 546,000 to 510,000.

An Artist's Letter.

The letter recently written by Greenough, the Sculptor, to the Secretary of the Navy, at Washington, does both the head and the heart of the author infinite honor. The pith of the matter is, that Commodore Hull, in order to save $1500 to the Government, allowed the Captain of the vessel engaged to bring the statue of Washington to this country, to touch at several ports on his way. Such a course, Greenough thought, would peril the safety of the statue; and thus, at his own risk, the artist provided another arrangement. In his letter, alluding to the matter, he eloquently and manfully observes:—

"I have preferred the risk of ultimately sacrificing that amount to the disgrace and the danger of trading about in this sea with a national monument of Washington under the hatches.

I may be found to have acted without due consideration for the opinion of Commodore Hull; but I beg leave to represent that, though I have been paid for this statue, I have still an interest in it—the interest of a father in his child. It is the birth of my thought. I have sacrificed to it the flower of my days and the freshness of my strength; its every lineament has been moistened with the sweat of my toil and the tears of my exile. I would not barter away its association with my name for the proudest fortune that avarice ever dreamed. In giving it up to the nation that has done me the honor to order it at my hand, I respectfully claim for it that protection which it is the boast of civilization to afford to Art, and which a generous enemy has more than once been seen to extend even to the monument of his own defeat.

Should it seem fitting to the gentlemen with whom rests the decision of the question that I should myself pay the sum I have offered on my own responsibility, I request that I may have early notice of such decision."

It is only proper to add, that the Secretary of the Navy proposes, as a matter of course, to refund to Mr. Greenough the $1500 which he, with true artist enthusiasm and generosity, advanced for the freight.

Appalling Loss of Human Life.

Steamboat and other dreadful disasters have become so common in this country of late, that they excite only momentary notice and are speedily forgotten. Thus, few of our readers who do not pay particular attention to such matters, have noticed the fact that within the last fortnight we have recorded the loss of human life in four accidents only, to the extent of nearly 300 human beings. Thus, in the case of the burning of the Erie, 237 perished! In the explosion at Syracuse, 31! By the destruction of the Louisiana steamer on the Mississippi, 21! By ditto, of the Swan steamer, 4. These are indeed frightful details; and when we remember in addition, the pain and anguish produced by wounds received during the same disasters, the picture is indeed an appalling one. In most cases too, we fear, these dreadful disasters were the results of carelessness. Is it not possible to devise some remedy? Can no punishment be imposed upon the reckless authors of such painful tragedies? Surely, surely, human life is a thing too valuable to be thus trifled with with impunity.

Turkish Incredulity.

The Boston Traveller remarks that the clumsy machinery worked by oxen and used by the Turks, for the purpose of separating the grain from the husk, is exhibited by that people as something superior to all others used for similar purposes. This once led to a conversation between an Englishman and a Turk on the subject of machinery in general; the former maintaining the superiority of that used in England over that used in the East. The mode of travelling by steam was adduced as an instance. The speed of cars between Manchester and Liverpool was mentioned, giving a corresponding distance between places in Egypt, that the Turk might the better understand it. Not a muscle moved in his face as he listened to the account of propelling by steam. He just condescended the civil remark, "That's a lie!" "But I have seen it," replied the Englishman. "I don't believe it a bit the more for that," quoth the Turk, nothing daunted.

Pennsylvania Horticultural Society.

The Thirteenth Exhibition of this Society will be held on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 22d, 23d, and 24th of September, at the Masonic Hall, Chesnut street. The array of flowers, we understand, will be peculiarly beautiful. Let the ladies bear this in mind.

The Premiums for Flowers, Boquets and Designs, will be awarded at 11 o'clock, A. M., of the first day (22nd) and for Fruits and Vegetables, at 9 o'clock, A. M., of the second day (23rd).

Shaving and Hair Cutting.

We would invite our numerous readers who wish to be *shaved* well, and at the same time with ease and elegance, or have their Physiognomy arranged in the most fashionable style, to call on Mr. Nickins, No. 107 North Ninth Street, below Race, where he is always ready to oblige and give the utmost satisfaction to all those who may favor him with their custom.

The Bank Bill.

When the bill for the new Fiscal Corporation was introduced by Mr. Sergeant, after the President had vetoed the Fiscal Bank bill, we gave, in our Congressional news, a brief synopsis of the features in which the new bill differed from the old one. As soon, however, as there is a probability of Mr. Sergeant's bill passing the Senate, we shall give the document in full. At present opinion is extremely contradictory as to the probable fate of the Bill. One letter says it will be passed by the Senate with a slight modification; another says it will be laid on the table; a third says it will be passed without amendment, and then be returned with executive objections. They all agree that it might be laid on the table if the Whigs in the House would consent, but of that consent strong doubts seemed to be entertained. And they all agree too, that its passage and a veto would, in all probability, lead to changes in the Cabinet.

Amid these conflicting opinions, however, it is generally admitted that a greater probability exists that the bill will be laid over to the next session, than that it will be adopted by the Senate.

Palestine.

The Paris Correspondent of the National Intelligencer states in one of his letters, that Prince Metternich (the intelligent Premier of Austria,) has determined, if possible, to constitute a Christian Kingdom out of Palestine; of which Jerusalem is of course, to be the seat of government. Such an idea, observes the Cincinnati Chronicle, will cause a thrill through every true Christian's heart throughout the world. What memories and what associations gather round that Holy Land!—City of David and of Solomon! There are the tombs of the Prophets. There are the birth-places of the present Poets and the wisest of Legislators. There are the battlefields of the Assyrian and Babylonian, of Persian and of Mede, of Jew and Gentile. There is Pisgah, and Sinai, and Lebanon. There is Bethlehem and Calvary—scenes of history, of suffering, and of glory! Time has long since reduced its palaces to ruins. Rude and profane usurpers have had the Holy places; but, dear to every devout heart in every land is Jerusalem, once fountain of light, once tomb of the Saviour!

Supposed Murder.

A colored man, named Robert Pearson, has been arrested and confined in jail at Baltimore, charged with the murder of Wesley B. Cook, Captain of a fishing smack. It appears that some four or five weeks ago, the captain, accompanied by three colored men, went on a fishing expedition down the bay. Since that time no news has been received of him, though his small crew have returned with the vessel. The colored men stated they had left him drunk in Easton. Suspicion was not excited until a few evenings ago, when one of the colored men was overheard boasting to his companion how he had smashed the captain's brains over some part of the vessel, naming, at the same time, the instrument with which he did it. The article which he named, upon investigation, was missing from the vessel, and this circumstance, together with the expression used, constituted a link in the chain of evidence which fixed suspicion and led to the arrest. The reality of their guilt or innocence will be developed in a few days.

A Powerful Abbott.

A correspondent of the Boston Patriot, writing from the Benedictine Convent of Gottweich on the Danube, says:—"I am now passing a few days in one of the richest convents of Europe, and almost the only one which retains all its ancient privileges. The Abbot of the Convent is Lord spiritual and temporal over 12,000 peasants, and has the power of life and death over them all. In the prisons of the monastery are now some 20 to 30 persons, mostly for small offences, and every morning a Court is held by the Judge of the convent, for the Abbot does not soil his holy fringes with the administration of justice, for the the trial of such new offences as may occur. The monastery is upon a high hill, towering over the Danube. It has a splendid library of some 50,000 volumes, many rare manuscripts, a cabinet of medals. One of the monks was a soldier, and another a judge of the land. They are mostly very agreeable persons."

Lost Child.

Nearly two months since an interesting boy eight years old, was lost in the woods on "Summit Mountain," eight miles from Mauch Chunk. He was a son of one of the Miners, and was remarkable for his intelligence and sprightliness. He went off into the woods near by to gather berries, and since that hour nothing has been seen or heard of the little fellow. The whole country for miles in every direction is an untrodden forest, yet for nearly six weeks parties were out daily in pursuit of him. It is possible he may have survived some days, and even weeks, upon berries, but search has finally been abandoned. The heart-broken parents are living upon *hope* that their fond child may yet be restored to them. It is feared he was taken off by some wild beast, but most probably he died of fright and starvation.

English Papers.

The English Papers are sold at 10 cents a copy, two cents of which is an excise duty paid to government—each sheet before being printed is stamped at the government office. A correspondent of the Boston Times says the receipts of the London Times for papers, is one million dollars, and for advertisements about the same amount, per annum. Each advertisement also pays a duty to government of about 37½ cents, whether it be long or short. The usual charge of this London journal for a column for a single day, is $100. A few years ago, the Carlton club, composed of some of the wealthiest of the English aristocracy, purchased the right to occupy its editorial columns, which are confined to one of the eight pages of the paper, for which they paid $650,000.

A Frightful Picture.

The New York Sun describes that city as infested at some points with gangs of brutal and reckless ruffians, who live by robbery and outrage, and in some sense defy the laws and the police. "If," says the editor, "but one-half of what has been communicated to us be true, the lives and safety of our citizens are in most appalling and disgraceful jeopardy, and it is safer to venture among the wildest hordes of Bedouins, than to hazard one's self beyond the eye and immediate protection of our police, or the reach of social protection. The suburbs of our city are at the mercy of gangs of lawless desperadoes, who make reprisals and captures on the waters on either side of our island, and perpetrate the most fiendish outrages upon the adjacent shores."

Learning in the West.

The St. Louis Republican, in noticing the commencement of the St. Louis University, finds occasion to complain of nothing but what is deemed a deficiency in the practice of modern foreign languages; and yet we notice that a moral drama in French was performed. The following remark is worthy of notice:

The thoroughness of the course required in this institution limits greatly the number of graduates, for in this go-ahead land few are willing to keep their children at college a sufficient time to make them complete scholars, especially as they may obtain a sheep skin in half the time in other institutions. This is certainly no fault in the institution, but we are well aware it has deterred some from entering it.

Death of a Veteran Editor.

Joseph Gales, Senior, father of Mr. Gales, of the National Intelligencer, died at Raleigh, N. C., on the 24th, aged 80 years. He was born in Eckington, Derbyshire, England, and in 1787 commenced the publication of the "Sheffield Register." Being persecuted by the government for his liberal principles, he fled to this country in 1794, and commenced the "Independent Gazetteer" at Philadelphia. In 1799 he removed to North Carolina and established the Raleigh Register, which has ever since been a leading Democratic Whig Journal. He retired from the business a year or two since, resigning it to his youngest son.—Mr. Gales has often represented his county in the Legislature.

Soda Water.

During the somewhat sultry weather which old dame August vouchsafed to us, as a parting malison, just before her disappearance, we found great delight in the refreshing Soda Water of our friend Mr. I. Elliott, at the S. E. corner of Tenth and Arch streets. His syrups are excellent, his soda cool, and he is himself of most gentlemanly demeanor. We advise our readers whenever they should find themselves longing for a cool drink of soda water, to repair forthwith to the ever-ready fountain of Mr. Elliott.

The Ancient Elm.

The New Haven Herald states that the ancient Elm, near the corner of Elm and Temple streets in that city, was cut down on Tuesday last, in consequence of its having become so decayed near the roots that public safety required its removal. It was planted in 1686, in front of the Parsonage of the First Congregational Church. Under its ample shade, Jonathan Edwards, Whitfield and others of the great departed, preached more than a century ago. Its circumference was upwards of twenty feet.

Paintings.

We would call the attention of our readers to the large and valuable collection of oil Paintings now open to public view, at T. W. L. Freeman's, No. 80 North Sixth Street, near Arch, and to be sold on Tuesday next, the 7th of September, at 10 o'clock. They embrace many varieties, and are well calculated to ornament the parlors and halls of the purchasers. Some of the paintings are of large dimensions, and all richly framed.

Jottings of Travel.

Cottages at Newport—Beauty of the Ladies—Fort Adams—Purgatory—Providence—The Old Baptist Church—Northmen—The Dighton Rock—The Skeleton in Armor, &c. &c.

Providence, Aug. 30th, 1841.

You know that Newport has long been a resort for Southerners, its comparative coolness affording a retreat from the heats of a South Carolinian summer. In our walks through the town we have noticed several neat cottages belonging to southern owners, and, indeed, these residences are among the most beautiful ornaments of the place. Nor do we wonder that Newport is a favorite resort. Even in the hottest July day, when the thermometer every where else is at 90° or 100° in the shade, the atmosphere of the place is, in the morning and evenings at least, delightfully cool. This is attributable to the sea-breeze prevailing there. The wind, especially in summer, is from the south, and crossing a wide stretch of Ocean, reaches Newport refreshingly cool. The worst of it is, that it generally brings with it a fog, always damp and usually dense, which often does not leave the city for two or three days, and which is sufficient to disgust a stranger with Newport, and all it contains, unless he is either an Englishman and used to it, or a Rhinoceros with a skin impervious to mists. As we were neither the one nor the other, we anathematized it—as you may suppose—without mercy. You could have almost cut it into slices with a jack-knife. The only thing to be said in its favor is that it improves the complexion. Indeed it is a common saying there, that, as soon as the ladies' see a fog rolling up, they hang their heads out of the window to bleach. Seriously, in no other place in America have I seen such fair complexions, rivalling so nearly the clear rose and lily of the English women. The fog is not, however, unhealthy. It is often dissipated before nine or ten o'clock, but sometimes it returns again by noon. The other morning, when sailing in the bay, we noticed the mist, after it had once disappeared, creeping up again over the hills to the south, and by twelve o'clock, all the highlands in that direction were wreathed in the gauze-like vapor.

Have you ever been at Fort Adams? It lies off the harbor at Newport, and it is certainly the most extensive work of the kind of which our country can boast. It was built to be impregnable,—but Paixhan bombs and steam-frigates have worked a revolution in warfare, and our best engineers incline now to the opinion, that it could not stand a bombardment of forty-eight hours. It is said that a hostile fleet might lie outside, in the direction of Point Judith, at such a distance as not to be within range of the guns of the Fort, and throw shells into the walls with the same certainty and ease with which you would cast pebbles into a well. If so, where have the immense sums, spent in raising this structure, gone? How shall we defend our coasts against a hostile foe? Must we depend on steam-batteries, and shells, to the exclusion of good old orthodox stone walls?

We shall not attempt to describe the fort in detail; that has been done before; we can only say that its vastness is, for the moment, overpowering. The general plan of the larger fort is nearly that of an hollow square, comprising, we should think, ten or more acres, but on this point we cannot speak with certainty. The walls are very massive, are perpendicular, and pierced for three ranges of guns. The artillery is admirably mounted, each piece revolving horizontally in a semi-circle, and being raised or depressed at pleasure by a screw a boy could move. There are long ranges of stone barracks provided for the garrison, which, as the fort will mount, perhaps, a thousand guns, must be a very extensive one. Indeed it would require a small army even to man the walls. Extensive subterranean passages, with loop-holes opening out into the air, traverse most of the ground under the fort, and finally emerge outside the walls, in the rear of the buildings. In short the place is built after the most approved maxims of fortification, and has, until very lately, been considered impregnable. When compared with the old round and now decaying batteries on the neighboring points, it seems like some gigantic monster surrounded by pigmies. The works are still unfinished, but a heavy appropriation has just been made towards their completion. They are now being pushed on with laudable vigor.

The beaches back of Newport are also worth visiting. The first one, is like all beaches—"stale, flat and unprofitable," consisting merely of a shelving shore of sand, with a few baby breakers to which those on the Jersey coast are monsters, daintily toppling over. They keep there a sort of covered cart for bathing, in which we would not think of trusting ourselves, unless our life was insured and we had portioned off all our daughters.

The second beach is, however, a different sort of an affair. It is a high, bold, rock-bound coast, and when a south-easter blows, must present a magnificent spectacle, indeed only second to that of Nahant in a north-east gale, when the foam often flies clear over the billiard-house. One of the greatest curiosities of the coast is a deep fissure, or rather chasm, running some hundred feet into the rock, at a point where the shores rise to the most dizzy height. This abyss is about fifteen feet over. It goes by the name of Purgatory. When the tide is on the flood, but especially when a gale is blowing from the sea, the waves rush, foaming and boiling, into the chasm with a noise like thunder. When we were there it was a calm, still morning, yet the tide was coming in like a cataract, flinging the spray high up on the dark surface of the abyss below. A few swallows, unconscious of the strife beneath, twittered in the higher parts of the fissure,—while, about half way down, a number of wild roses, growing out of crevices in the rocks, blossomed in all their beauty. They seemed strange inhabitants for such a place, stranger than a rose by a well-trodden highway. We thought of Mrs. Howard's sweet lines.

"This is not thy place, oh! thou dusty white rose,
This is not thy place by the dusty highway.
Thou shouldst bud where the blossoming rivulet glows,
And sings itself off through the meadows away."

We would not have missed the sight on any account. It is said, that, at very low tides, it is possible to enter the chasm in a boat, but we met with no one, though we made some inquiry, who had attempted the feat. Had we come prepared with a stout rope we should have descended from the top of the precipice, as we have seen the samphire gatherers, or those who hunt for bird's eggs in the Orkneys. What would we not have given to have plucked one of the wild roses far down in the gloomy abyss, to send to you.

We write this from Providence, where we are located. It is decidedly the prettiest, as well as the largest town, in Rhode Island. There is a view of it from the hill at the head of the cove which would look exceedingly well in an engraving: we wonder it did not find its way into the "American Scenery." The river lies before you, stretching to the south. On the right of the stream is the principal part of the city, situated on a level plain, chiefly of made land, with numerous steeples, and clusters of snow-white houses, sweeping around to the westward. On the left of the river rises a somewhat abrupt hill, covered with picturesque buildings, relieved by the steeples of several churches and surmounted by the tenements attached to the celebrated Brown University. The effect of this portion of the town, when viewed from Smith's hill, is exceedingly beautiful. Nor does it suffer when examined in detail. The principal street on the hill is called Benefit street, and from one end to the other of this avenue, is seen a succession of well-built houses, generally embosomed in gardens, and nearly all distinguished by that architectural beauty for which the New England private dwellings are remarkable. The tenements are mostly built of wood, and are painted white, with green venetian shutters. It must be remarked, however, that many persons visit Providence, who never cross the bridge, and ascend the hill, so that they are totally ignorant of these beauties, or of the scene presented by the town from the head of the cove.

One of the most striking objects to a stranger, is the steeple of the old Baptist Church, a lofty airy structure, towering far above every thing else, away into the sky. We have seen most of the finest steeples in this country, and are not wholly ignorant of those in Europe, but we have never seen this one surpassed in beauty. It is, however, a copy from one in England. The steeple on the Unitarian Church, further up on the hill, was put up to rival this airy structure, but the architect failed signally in his attempt.

The Church in question is the oldest Baptist one in this country, and was constituted somewhere about 1654,—the exact date has passed from our memory. The congregation first met in a small room, but subsequently erected a building on Main st. near the head of the cove, where, at present a large stone structure, used for a flour store, stands. Subsequently, and at the very opening of the revolution, the present building was put up, certainly, when the period of its erection is considered, it is one of the most extraordinary undertakings on record. The steeple we have already spoken of, and the church building is nowise inferior. The interior bears a strong resemblance to that of Christ Church in your city; but the dimensions of the church here are far greater. The whole structure is built of wood, and has never suffered from fire, a remarkable fact.

The whole of this section of the country is interesting, as being the place where the first Christian settlements in America were made. The publication of the "Antiquitates Americanæ, sive Scriptores Septentrionales rerum Ante-Columbianarum in America, Hafniæ, 1837," has settled the vexed question whether the Northmen visited this country prior to Columbus or not, as this antiquarian work contains an authentic history of the voyage of the Icelander Leif, along the coast, by Cape Cod into Narragansett Bay. The country around here was called by the voyagers, Vinland. In 1007, Thorfinn Karlsefn with three ships and one hundred and sixty men wintered a few miles below Providence, anchoring their vessels in a bay they called *Hopensis*. Their little village received the name of *Hop*, obviously the Haup of the Indians, and the Mt. Hope of the Pilgrims. As late as 1121, Bishop Eric visited Vinland. The accounts of the climate, productions, the length of the days, and the course and figure of the bay, leave no doubt on any rational mind that Narragansett Bay was the *Vinland* of the Icelandic voyagers. Nor is this the only evidence of the presence of the Northmen in this vicinity. You have heard no doubt of the Dighton rock, and the celebrated inscription graven thereon—an inscription about which there has been much learned discussion, but which is manifestly a Runic one, implying that the Northmen settled the country in the eleventh century. More than this. In 1836, in digging down a hill, near the town of Fall River, a human skeleton was discovered in a sitting posture, encased in brass armor, with brass-headed arrows lying at its side. The style of the armor was much like that supposed to have been in use among the Northmen of the eleventh century. What adds to the importance of these discoveries is the fact that the locality of both the Dighton Rock and the armed skeleton, was on Fall river—a stream, you will recollect, emptying into Narragansett Bay, at the foot of Mount Hope, *the very spot where the Icelandic historics assert that the voyagers settled*. Does not this make out a strong case?

But it is getting dark, and I must close, reserving my further speculations about the Northmen, Vinland, Providence and Rhode Island, to another epistle.

Yours S. P. R.

Isle of Pines.

This celebrated abode of pirates is situated in latitude 21 deg. 51 min. 17 sec., longitude 78 deg. 52 min. 6 sec. west of Cadiz. Its periphery is sixty-eight square leagues. It lies south of the coast of Cuba, from which it is separated by a strait twelve leagues wide. New Gerona, the capital, and only village, has twenty-five dwelling-houses, and the rest of the island about twenty huts more. Its productions are plantains, yuca, name malanga, and some rice and maize; its fruits, mangoes, guayaba, maranon, and pine apple. Its population is composed of whites, negroes, and mulattoes; the former, with the exception of a few Creoles, as government agents or soldiers, and the latter as slaves or convicts. There are but six shops or stores on the island. No branch of business is pursued, and the inhabitants subsist by raising black cattle and swine of inferior quality, which they transport to Havana, with which the military have a monthly communication in an open wherry. Should a physician be required, the inhabitants have to apply to the garrison for the aid, which is granted in instances but few and far between.

This island, when first discovered, was looked upon as an insignificant bay. But some of the inhabitants of the south of Cuba, who penetrated into it, soon obtained royal donations in it, which they selected at will. They dedicated themselves to raising cattle and wrecking, which naturally paved the way to their becoming a horde of pirates. In 1819, Pepe, of Majorca, (a fugitive of the band of assassins of Drances) with his followers, who afterwards became famous under the name of Mussulmans, took up his abode on it. On account of the many acts of piracy committed on British commerce, in 1120, a small naval expedition from that nation appeared off the island. A boat was manned and sent up the river. Santa Fe, the result of which was that Pepe was killed, and several of the Mussulmans taken to Jamaica and hung. A correspondence was immediately opened with Spain on the subject of the occupation of the island—Great Britain insisting that if his Catholic Majesty did not take possession of it, she would. In 1827, Don Francisco Vives, Captain General of Cuba, ordered thither an officer with a few soldiers, who laid out the town, and built the garrison of New Gerona. Up to 1831, no topographical survey was taken of the Isle of Pines. At present, with the population which we have stated, there are on it one company of soldiers, with a few officers, at an expense of $1800 per month to the Spanish Government.

Latterly, in several places on the island, mines of marble, chrystal, gold and silver, have been discovered, especially those on the district of St. Peter, which promise to be of great value.

The President Steamship.

Our correspondent at Barbadoes, furnishes the following extract from the St. Thomas Times newspapers, giving an account of the loss of this vessel. We annex it, remarking that we place no faith in the statement which upon the face of it is wholly improbable. The letter is said to have been found in a bottle, picked up in lat. 53 20, long. 47 33.

"On Iceburg, March 17th, 1841—To whomsoever these presents shall come, these are addressed, not in the hope of obtaining aid, but to apprise our friends of our awful and inevitable fate. We unhappy passengers and company of the President Steamer had rough weather from the hour of our departure from New York. On the night of the 14th inst., it blew a hurricane, with hail and snow, and the lookout was unable to see a cable's length from the ship. At about half past seven P. M. being then under close reefed topsails, the ship encountered an island of ice, so rapidly did she fill, that we had barely time to escape to the ice before she went down. Many of the passengers barely saved their garments, among whom was the unfortunate Morris, who being in delicate health, died on the second day, of cold and hunger. This is the only case of mortality as yet, but as the ice is breaking up fast, we none of us expect to survive more than two or three days longer, unless it should please the Lord, extraordinary to have mercy.

We have no fault to find with any one. The ship was strong and well found, the captain and crew skilful, prudent, and courageous. I should have mentioned before, that our boats, were all washed away the day preceding the disaster, and the long-boat was stove by the concussion. Even had this not been the case, no boat could have lived in such a sea. Our hearts are dead within us.—Captain Roberts, and the Rev. Mr. Cookman are the only ones that endeavor to keep up the courage of the rest. I fear that the tone in which we join this gentleman in prayer, indicates more the courage of despair than any other feeling. Nevertheless, God's will, not our's be done. Yesterday we were so fortunate as to pick up the carcase of a small shark, which was dashed against our floating prison, by the violence of the waves. This, and a few bottles of wine, have been our only sustenance. My hand freezes, and I can write no more."

The New York Advertiser says the above letter is a wretched invention of Dixon's Polyanthos, and saw the light almost three months ago; thence copied into some of the West India Journals, through which it has found its way back to New York. The Advertiser says, Editors should not only know every thing, but remember every thing.

From the Sandwich Islands.

We have received by way of Mazatlan Sandwich Island dates to the 10th of April. They contain no particular news. The U. S. ship Vincennes, Capt. Wilkes, and the brig Porpoise sailed on the 5th for the Columbia river.

The U. S. sloop of war St. Louis, Capt. F. Forrest, arrived on the 6th inst., and anchored on the outside. The next morning she entered the harbor, and after mooring, exchanged salutes with the Fort. She remains but a short time, and then proceeds to St. Francisco, Monterey and Mazatlan. Officers and crew, all well.

The St. Louis took from the Marquesas Islands a number of runaway seamen, who were encouraging the natives in their savage warfare, and exercising a most demoralizing influence over them.

The Barque Honolulu, (formerly the Eagle) has been fitted out from this port, and put under the Hawaiian flag, for a twelve months cruise, by Mr. F. J. Greenway, as a whaler. This port affords many facilities for this branch of business, and may yet become like Sydney, the head quarters of a flourishing fishery.

On the 11th of March, two earthquakes were felt at Kailua, Hawaii—the first shock occurred 15 minutes before 10 o'clock, P. M. The second about half an hour later. Rev. Mr. Thurston states that they were the strongest that he has ever felt there. At Kealakeakua much rock was thrown down from the pali.—When these occurred, an unusual light was observed in the direction of the volcano.

Tahiti.—Aggregate returns of American commerce which has visited the Island of Tahiti during the year 1840. Ships arriving off and on, not included.

No. of Ships,	79
Seamen employed,	1985
Tonnage,	26,795

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

Port of Mazatlan, June 8, 1841.

We beg to inform you that the U. S. ship St. Louis Capt. Forrest, arrived here yesterday in 9 days from Monterey.

The brig Cayuga, Capt. Bissell, arrived this morning in 37 days from Callao.

We send you by this post Sandwich Island papers, received per the St. Louis.

American vessels left in Callao, by the Cayuga—U. S. ships Constitution and Yorktown, U. S. store-ship Relief; ship Emily Taylor, of Boston, barque Harmony, of New York.

The Coiners at Pittsburg.

The Pittsburg American says:—"It seems that the city authorities had early information that coiners were coming to the city. That the Mayor, with his police, had made repeated searches through this city and Allegheny, but could find no evidence of their whereabouts, until information was obtained last week, that machinery of that kind was at the infirmary or old Nunnery, at Manchester. It was also ascertained that the house had been rented by Dr. Bedell, though occupied by Woods. Upon searching the house, two presses were found, one for cutting the coin, and the other for stamping with a variety of dies. One room appeared to be principally occupied by Dr. Bedell, containing a variety of Thompsonian medicines—some dies for American and Spanish quarters, about $10 of counterfeit coin; the Dr.'s sign with clothes and other articles of Woods.—In another part of the house, near $500 were found, of counterfeit coin. Bedell was arrested in the country, where he had gone that day to hunt. On searching his house, some some counterfeit coin and clippings were found, and between $200 and $300 of counterfeit and spurious paper. The Mayor and his police deserve the highest credit for their unceasing exertions in ferreting out this nest of felons, and bringing them to punishment.

The Great Land Bill.

The National Intelligencer of Tuesday says:

"Considerable uneasiness has been felt for some days as to the fate of the Land Distribution and Pre-emption bill, as it might be affected by the decision of the House of Representatives upon the amendments made by the Senate. That uneasiness was effectively removed yesterday by the agreement by the House of Representatives to the main amendment, (suspending the operation of the act when duties are laid exceeding 20 per cent. upon the value of imports,) and to all the others except three. Among the amendments disagreed to by the House was that by which the ratio of distribution was changed. The bill having been returned to the Senate, that body forthwith took it up and receded from those of its amendments which had been disagreed to by the House. Thus all difficulty may be considered at an end. The President having recommended the measure, the bill will, no doubt, receive his signature; so that we may safely congratulate our readers on the certainty that this measure of measures will become a law."

A marvellous Story.

The following wonderful story from the Nashville Banner, will no doubt puzzle even Professor Espy.

Shower of Flesh and Blood.

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Thus spake the Prince of Denmark, and every day we hear something to confirm the remark. On Tuesday we heard from various persons that a shower, apparently of flesh and blood, had fallen in Wilson county, near Lebanon, in this State, and that the fields were covered to a considerable extent. The account staggered our belief; but, strange as it may appear, it has been confirmed by the statement of several gentlemen of high character, who have personally examined the scene of this phenomenon. They state that the space covered by this extraordinary shower is half a mile in length, and about seventy-five yards in width. In addition to the information thus received, we have been favored by Dr. Troost, professor of chemistry in the University of Nashville, with the following letter from a highly respectable physician of Lebanon; we have also seen the specimens sent to him for examination. To us they appear to be animal matter, and the odor is that of putrid flesh. We do not pretend to offer any theory to account for this phenomenon, we leave it to abler and more scientific heads. When the specimens have passed through the crucibles of Dr. Troost, we will furnish our readers with the result.

Lebanon, August 8, 1841.

"Dr. G. Troost: I have sent you some matter, which appears from an authentic source to have fallen from the clouds.

With me there can be no doubt of its being animal matter, blood, muscular fibre, adipose matter. Please account to us, if you can, on philosophical principles, for the cause of this phenomenon. The particles I send you I gathered with my own hands. The extent of surface over which it has spread, and the regular manner it exhibited on some green tobacco leaves, leaves very little or no doubt of its having fallen like a shower of rain, and it is stated on the authority of some negroes, only to have fallen from a small red cloud, no other clouds visible in the heavens at the time. It took place on Friday last between 11 and 12 o'clock, about five miles north-east of Lebanon. I have sent what I think to be a drop of blood, the other particles, composed of muscle and fat, although the proportions of the shower appeared to be a much larger quantity of blood than of other properties.

I am, in haste, your most obedient servant
W. P. SAYLE."

More of the Lynch Law.

We are indebted to the St. Louis New Era for the following additional particulars of the arrest and murder of a number of counterfeiters and gamblers, an account of which has already appeared in our columns:

"It seems that the section of country above and below the mouth of White River, on the Mississippi, has been for years infested with gangs of gamblers and counterfeiters. Islands 67, 68, and 69, were notoriously resorts for them. The people of Coahoma county, Mississippi, and from the opposite side of the river, determined to rid themselves of such pests; and our information is, that they succeeded in capturing from 50 to 75 of them. On the 3d of August, they placed them on board a trading boat, took her to an unfrequented place, so that there might be no witnesses, *and shot and drowned them all*. A portion of the names of the sufferers have been furnished to us. They are—Hugh Tully, the chief of the gang; Elaphus Kingston, Andrew McLoghlin, Joe Cotton, Hugh Norris, Joseph Merriott, Wells Pollock, and James Macauley.

When the Baltic passed up, the citizens were on their way down the river, engaged in the *laudable work of burning the houses* lately occupied by the victims of their vengeance. No violence was offered to the families who were in them, but they were ordered to leave their homes forever.

It is further stated, that the cashier of the counterfeiting establishment was found in the river at Columbia, dead.

All the implements of rascality were found about the premises of the murdered men. A large amount of counterfeit bank notes was discovered, consisting of $50 and $100 notes on the Commercial Bank of New Orleans, not signed; and 1, 2, and $3 notes of the Third Municipality New Orleans.

The gamblers and counterfeiters, who have thus suffered so terrible a death, were no doubt rascals of the deepest die. They may have committed all the offences with which they were charged—murder, the stealing of negroes, robbery—in a word, have violated every law—but, having them in their power, these numberless crimes can offer no excuse for the cool-blooded murder of so many men. In comparison with this cruel and damnable act of the mob, the crimes of the sufferers sink into insignificance. The laws and the good order of society have received a more dangerous blow, than could possibly have resulted from a long life of crime. Every good citizen—every one who values the safety and the institutions of the country—should denounce all such acts of the mob with unmitigated severity."

Politics in Great Britain.

The triumph of the Tories in Great Britain is signal and complete. The returns of members of the House of Commons show that that party will have "a majority in that body of at least 80 votes, a majority equal to that possessed by the Tory party during the days of its most confirmed ascendancy, under the administration of William Pitt. The Conservative majority in the constituency of the United Kingdom is 256,721—the registered electors in places which have returned Conservatives being 529,899, and in places which have returned Whigs 273,178." Sir Robert Peel will, in all probability, be chosen Premier, although a doubt is expressed in one or two quarters. The Liverpool Mercury publishes a tabular statement of the relative strength of parties in the House of Commons, at various times, from 1832 to the close of the general election in July, 1841. It states that at the dissolution of Parliament, last June, there were 326 Reformers, 326 Tories, and 6 doubtful. The whole number of members of the House is 658. Of 595 ascertained to have been elected when the statement was made, 251 are Reformers and 344 Tories, giving a Tory majority of 93. The Irish counties, however, are not given. The New York Courier remarks that "notwithstanding the popular defeat that her present Ministers have experienced, the Queen, with a view probably of showing that her confidence in them is unabated, has paid visits to them individually or to the heads of the noble houses, with which they are connected. Viscount Melbourne received her at his seat, Brockett Hall, Herts; the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey; and the Earl of Cowper, at Pansanger, Herts, the guests being principally their political friends. Her personal popularity, too, would seem to continue undiminished—a militia sergeant at Uxbridge, having knocked down and killed a man, simply because he observed that she did not appear to have returned the enthusiasm with which she was received on passing through that town, as warmly as it was given."

From Texas.

Galveston papers to the 18th, have been received at New Orleans. They are nearly filled with electioneering articles. There had been no further intelligence from the Sante Fe expedition. Messrs. Kinney and Aubrey, who had been arrested and carried to Austin, charged with having procured the capture of Captain Dimitt by the Mexicans, after being examined, were honorably acquitted. The blame is now laid entirely to the account of the Mexicans, and the following orders for reprisals, looks something like commencing a war.

War Department, Austin, July 14, 1841.

To Messrs. Kinnan, Price, McDonald, Cunningham, O'Riely and Newcombe.

Gentlemen:—Your communication by express has been this moment received. I regret that the President, in the discharge of his public duties, has been called to Galveston, and cannot therefore take the prompt action necessary to the emergency that has arisen. The cabinet having, however, been assembled, unanimously agree that no time should be lost in repelling these invaders of our soil and violaters of the rights of our citizens. We, therefore, authorize you to assemble such force as you can command for the expulsion of the enemy, regarding the war as fairly opened by this late outrage by the Mexican forces: volunteers to any number necessary for the accomplishment of this object, we authorize you to call out. You will of course use due discretion in distinguishing between traders and soldiers of the enemy, taking care, however, to possess yourselves of traders and their effects, as indemnity for the loss of our citizens, and treat soldiers as the rules of war direct.

I have the honor to be,
Very respectfully,
Your ob't servant,
(Signed) B. T. ARCHER.
Secretary of War and Navy.

The Matanzas Consul Case.

The Havana correspondent of the New York Express gives this outline:

An American prostitute being very sick, sent for Mr. Cross to make a will,—when he arrived at her house, he found her senseless and speechless, and he not being able to do any thing, left immediately. Two other prostitutes and a young villain in connection with them have sworn that Mr. C. was in the house all night, that he shut the door of the room in which the girl was, and was seen through a crevice concealing the money which he took away with him, together with some furniture. The rest of the furniture was taken by the other girls and their confederate. Mr. C. says he was in the house not more than five minutes, finding he could be of no use, and that he took nothing away with him, and knows nothing of the matter, yet the Governor of Matanzas has seen fit to imprison him.

The merchants of Matanzas are quite indignant, having known Mr. Cross several years as a gentleman and a man of honor, and are about getting up a strong representation of the affair to send to Washington. Mr. C. wrote to Mr. Trist, desiring to know if he could not demand his passports. Mr. T. in his usual verbose style, wrote in answer twelve foolscap pages, amounting altogether to, "that he could not."

Late from the South.

The steamer Wm. Gaston, Capt. Gomez, says the St. Augustine News, arrived here last evening from Southern Posts. The expedition returned from the Everglades on the evening of the 13th ult., after having been absent about 14 days. They met with no Indians during their scout, but destroyed several fields of corn and some canoes. They penetrated North and West a considerable distance farther than heretofore had been done. Another scout is in contemplation, which will come off in a short time. Indian signs were discovered at the edge of the Big Cypress Swamp, on the west side of the Everglades—two swells newly dug, and a hut underway of building. The following officers accompany the expedition, viz: of the Army, Captains Rodney, Burke, Wade, and Lieutenants Taylor, Steptoe, Van Vliet, Ketchum, Fields, Sherman, Ord, Wise, and Asst. Surgeon Simmons—of the Navy, Lieuts. Rodgers, Howard and Watkins—of Marines, Lieutenants Sloan and Taylor.

Several cases of fever occurred among the troops after their return.

The Post at New Smyrna continues very sickly.

White Girl.—It was reported at Tampa that among the Indians who had come in to Fort Cumming, was a lovely white girl, aged about 12 years. She had been with the Indians over a year.

New Publications.

The Poets and Poetry of America.—We have been favored with a sight of some of the proof sheets of this work, now in press and to be published by Messrs. Carey & Hart. The editor, R. W. Griswold, Esq., is admirably fitted for his task, for, to a singularly fine taste, and a graceful pen, he unites a knowledge of the poets and poetry of America second to that of no other literary man in the country. The work is to be printed in the same style with Reed's Wordsworth, though on a smaller page. Altogether it will form one of the finest publications ever issued from the American press.

Guy Fawkes, or the Gunpowder Treason—A Historical Romance—*by W. H. Ainsworth*—1 vol.—*Lea & Blanchard.*—This is a new work from a popular author. Crichton was a good work, Rookwood was a better, and though Jack Sheppard was half a failure, the present romance restores Mr. Ainsworth's reputation to its old footing. The work will, no doubt, be extensively read. It is printed in a very neat style, and is enriched by illustrations designed by Cruikshank, and engraved by our inimitable fellow townsman, Yeager.

The Merchant's Magazine, *for September*, contains an article on the "Agricultural Commerce of the United States"—an article on "The Commerce of British India"—and articles on "Commercial Docks," "Laws relative to Debtor and Creditor," and "The Suffolk Bank System." The subjects, it will be seen, are excellent; we need only say they are discussed with talent.—*Drew & Scammell, Agents.*

A New Picture of Philadelphia—*H. S. Tanner.*—This is a valuable little work, containing a description of our city, with notices of its public buildings, its benevolent institutions, churches, cemeteries &c. It is, in short, a complete guide to strangers. The volume is accompanied by a plan of the city, and a map of the surrounding country.

Ten Thousand a Year—*vol. 6*—*E. Littell & Co.*—Here is the sixth and last volume of the cheap edition of this popular novel. No romance perhaps—always excepting Scott's Waverly novels—has ever been so extensively reprinted as this one. Of the merits of the work we have spoken heretofore.

The Poplar Grove—*By Esther Copley*—*D. Appleton & Co. New York.*—This is an interesting tale for youth, and it is to be had at R. S. H. George's Book store, south Fifth st. The volume is elegantly bound in embossed cloth, and adorned with a fine steel engraving.

Barnaby Rudge—No. 13—*Messrs. Lea & Blanchard* have, in this number, published several chapters which have never before appeared. For this energy they will receive their reward in an increasing patronage. The number boasts several excellent wood-cuts.

Happiness—*By J. A. James*—Mr. R. S. H. George of south Fifth st. has laid on our table a neat little volume with the above title. We cordially recommend it as a valuable little treatise.

Another Steamboat Disaster.

We visited, says the New Orleans Picayune, of August 18, at an early hour yesterday morning, the wreck of the steamboat Swan. The spectacle which we there witnessed was a painful one. The blackened corses of the dead, the boiled bodies, as it were, of the scalded, and the groans which bespoke their poignant pain, presented a scene, on the like of which we should wish never to look upon again. The vessel itself, except the hull and a part of the cabin aft, is literally shivered to atoms. It appears to have been the two larboard boilers that blew up, and they must have been as erratic in their course as a rocket; for they tore up the lower deck, went on and through the cabin deck; one of them lodged on the hurricane deck, aft, and where the other was blown to, is not known.

The parties killed are, William Andrews, the pilot; Robert Elliott, the bar-keeper, well known to most of our citizens; Peter Aimes, the steersman; and a negro fireman, owned by a gentleman in Mobile.

George Brody, second engineer, was badly wounded, and died yesterday.

The steward and cook, two white men, whose names are not known to Captain Limbert, are dangerously wounded.

She was coming round from the lakes, and had in tow the brig Hebe and the schooner Alexander Washington. The guards of the former were partly broken in, and we heard her captain sustained some injury. At the time of the catastrophe there were in all seventeen persons on board the Swan, including two of the Balize pilots. It occurred at a quarter to four o'clock, on Monday evening, at the English turn. The boat, the captain says, had but a regular head of steam on at the time, and was only going at a moderate rate. The dead were decently interred yesterday morning, and the persons wounded were conveyed to the Charity Hospital.

The Crops.

Alluding to the wheat crop in Ohio, the Cincinnati Chronicle says,—"In some sections it is not half, and in many places not two-thirds. It is less in measure and weighs less to the measure. There is undoubtedly an increased number of acres planted each year. Taking this fact into view, in connection with the great diminution of quantity in some sections, it is probable that the wheat crop of Ohio will be from two-thirds to three quarters of what might be called an average crop. The quantity last year was, however, greater than an average, and taken altogether, the crop of the country is sufficient to keep prices at a moderate point.

The corn crop will be an average. In the Miami country it looks very well. The oats were decidedly short."

The Peaches are said to have entirely failed. Pears are plentiful, and Apples will turn out about half a crop.

In reference to the crops in Mississippi, the Vicksburg Sentinel of a late date says:—"The weather has been hotter, and there has been more of it this summer than ever was known in the memory of man. Such has been the drought that in many parts of the country the cotton is not half its usual size; and recently we have seen many plantations in which the lower squares have been all shed, and the prospect at present, indicates a diminished crop. The staple of that now opening is not usually silky and strong, and if the picking season continues favorable, the quality will be superior to any thing known for years, though the quantity will be much below what was expected a month ago."

Great Robbery.

We learn from the Richmond Compiler, that the Danville Branch of the Farmers' Bank of Virginia, was entered on the night of the 21st or 22d inst. by means of false keys, and robbed of *ninety-two thousand one hundred and thirty-five dollars!* Fortunately for the Bank $72,135 of this large amount were mutilated notes, issued by the branch, stamped on the face "Cancelled" which it is hoped may aid in the detection of the burglars. A reward of $5000 is offered for the apprehension and conviction of the robber or robbers, and the recovery of the money, or in proportion to the amount recovered.

The Compiler further says:—"We are not surprised at this robbery. We believe there is at this time a clique of the most skilful and daring burglars in the country, whose operations are conducted by concert from one end of the Union to the other. They are aided too by an unprincipled police, in the larger cities, who in collusion share the rewards and screen the rogues from justice. We have been anticipating that they would come down upon some of the towns or cities in our State, and warned the public to be watchful. The banks in Danville had no night watch, as it seems to us they ought to have had, particularly since the unsuccessful attempt made a short time since on the Virginia Branch in that town. This robbery should cause every Branch Bank to employ a guard. We trust that the utmost vigilance may be exercised to detect and punish the robbers; and let no Justice Wiley be permitted to act a part in the matter."

The Plague and its Horrors.

Recent accounts from the East, says the Boston Traveller, speak of the prevalence of the plague in that quarter of the world. We have no idea of the dread in which this scourge is held by the people of the Levant. They abstain, with a superstitious horror, from the mention of it by name. They say disease, or disorder, but never the plague. The question every morning is not how many had died of the plague during the night, but how many "accidents" had occurred. It is altogether contagious. There is no danger in standing within two feet of a plague subject, provided there is no contact. A late traveller mentions the remarkable fact that the moment the bodies of its victims become cold, they no longer communicate contagion, although the clothes retain it for years. The plague usually ceases suddenly in the height of its ravages, and is seldom heard of after June—March, April and May are the months during which it is most prevalent.

A Destructive Hail Storm.

The Mercer (Pa.) Luminary of Wednesday week says:—"After several days of warm, sultry weather, we were visited on Saturday afternoon last with a most fearful storm, of wind, hail and rain. It came from the south, bearing off from this place to the northeast. The wind laid waste fences, uprooted trees, &c., and the hail—which came down thick and fast, in great cakes of ice, two and three pronged—did much damage to buckwheat, oats and corn; and in the town it made sad havoc with the glass, breaking, we should suppose, at least two thousand lights. The windows of some dwellings, on the south side, have but very few whole glass left, so furiously did the storm beat against them. We have not heard of any serious accident, to life or limb, having been occasioned. The storm, at least where much damage was done, extended but a few miles, and not a mile in width."

An Ugly Customer.

We do not know when we have seen an account of a more successful practice at the bar, than is to be found in the following from the New Orleans American:

During the heavy shower of yesterday afternoon, the large cistern attached to the City Hotel, containing about 15,000 gallons of water, burst its hoops, and swept every thing before it, tearing away a large brick wall, and inundating the bar room with several feet of water. Those who had taken shelter from the rain, and who were regaling themselves with the good things the bar contained, dropped their juleps, cobblers, sober second thoughts and fiscal agents, and fled from the floor below to the floor above. One of the persons attached to the Hotel, and who was in the hall at the time, was borne in the flood before he could recover himself to Camp street; and several heavy articles, were removed several feet from their original position.

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Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should also remit names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Remember that we receive only the Post office amount from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

Shares	Stock	Price sold for
620	shares United States Bank	31@30
130	do. do. W. & Balt. R R	28
50	do. Girard Bank	47
50	do. Girard Mutual Navigation Co.	47
30	do. Vicksburg Bank	42@41
50	do. Commercial Bank	24
50	do. Commercial Bank, Cincin.	30
10	do. Mechanics Bank	20
50	do. do.	20
	United States Bank Notes.	17@17 discount

Congressional News.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23, 1841.

In the House this morning a Whole House was formed long an appropriation for the Post Office Department, on motion of the committee of the whole on the state of the Union.

During the discussion of this bill, Mr. Arnold (Whig, of Tennessee) stated that, in his opinion, the Post Office party in the House, were now the administration party, for they claimed for the President as theirs, Now, he (Mr. Arnold) would most heartily give the President up to them; for if any thing was capable of being made out of the Post Office, it was the most unconstitutional and dangerous of the Avenue wanderers.

Mr. Arnold was then instantly called to order, and made to take his seat, for disgraceful language towards the United States and the President.

Mr. Arnold attempted to go on, but he was checked in the most peremptory manner by the Speaker, who was acting as chairman of the committee of the whole.

Considerable confusion ensued, and the House of the House was entirely occupied in settling this dispute. The debate lasted over four hours, and not a single vote being taken, as the bill appeared to have been lost sight of.

The Senate has been engaged the whole day on the Distribution Bill. It has not been acted upon.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28, 1841.

In the House of Representatives, this morning, the Post Office Department, on motion of the committee of the whole, and agreed to by the House. The House then went into committee of the whole and took up the bill making appropriations for defraying the funeral expenses of the late President, and for one month's pay to $3000.

Mr. Underwood asked on what principle the bill was based. If Congress paid the funeral expenses of our officers, how could we refuse, or how, after, why should they not in all other cases? If gratitude was the principle that then there were bound to pay the funeral expenses of the man should be out of office, and this principle would extend to half of the officers, and all other cases that might have held office.

Mr. Botts said the expenses of the funeral of members of Congress were paid if they died in office, but not otherwise. He would ask Mr. Underwood to look to be counted for this?

Mr. Underwood was about to reply, when his mouth was stopped by the previous question.

The bill was reported to the House and passed, with a proviso that the items shall be examined by the proper officer of the treasury before they are paid.

The bill providing for the removal of the Statue of Washington, by Greenough, was next taken up in committee.

After some slight skirmishing as to the exact spot at the Capitol where it should be placed, the committee rose, and the House passed the bill on two minutes. This is the way to do business.

The Senate spent took up the bill providing for a distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the lands among the States, and the debate was going on when this was closed.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 27, 1841.

In the Senate the Bankrupt Bill was taken up, occupying a days of 20 per cent. on imported jewellery, &c. and then the House went into the consideration of bills.

In the House of Representatives, the bill making appropriations for the payment of pensions, and for other purposes, &c. was taken up in committee of the whole, and after some discussion, was reported to the House.

The bill for repairing the Long Bridge, and the bill for paying a part of Greenough's claim, were also taken up in committee, and after debate reported to the House.

The question then being on the passage of the bills, the bill for the repair of the Long Bridge was first taken up in order.

Mr. Mercer moved to lay it on the table, but the motion was negatived.

Several motions were then made to adjourn, but without effect. Half of the House was next ordered, and Mayor Franck called the absentees, but they would not answer to their names, and the House went on with its business to the call were suspended. The bill was then passed.

The bill for paying a part of Greenough's claim was then taken up, and a motion made to lay it on the table. This motion was lost. The bill was then ordered to be engrossed.

A message was received from the Senate, stating that the distribution bill had been amended to that body, and asking the concurrence of the House in the amendments. The House then adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28, 1841.

In the House, the bill making an appropriation for paying a part of Greenough's claim was taken up for a third reading, the question being on its third reading. But instead of the bill being read a third time, the question on its passage was called for, and the yeas and nays being taken on the question, it was decided in the affirmative, by a vote of 115 to 74, the House adjourned.

The amendment of the Senate to the bill providing for the payment of awards under the board on Mexican claims, was taken up, and after it 1 o'clock, the House adjourned.

In the Senate, the Fortification Bill was taken up, and the amendment providing for a western armory rejected by the House, insisted on.

The House bill for repairing the Long bridge was taken up, read twice and referred to the committee on the war.

Mr. Clayton, from the committee on finance, reported a bill to authorize the issue of treasury notes, &c. was taken up in committee of the whole, and after some discussion, was reported to the Senate.

The Senate then took up the bill providing for a distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the lands among the States, and the debate was going on when this was closed.

General News.

MEETING.—The York encampment was composed of eleven companies—three from Baltimore, one from Easton, and the remainder from the counties adjoining York, the whole commanding by 600 men, who presented a fine military appearance. Governor Porter was present, attended by his aids, Col. Wm. J. Leiper, and Col. ——— Stevens, Adjutant General Biddle, and the following cavalry—Major General Alexander Smith, Brigadier General Ege, Fenker, and Gibbs. Amongst the military men at York, was General David Mille, Col. William P. Smith, and Major Wm. Weeks, of this city. The affair passed off with great satisfaction, and no doubt resulted in an improvement in military discipline and tactics.

A RESIDENT AND MEMBER.—The Boston Democrat contains a letter that Mr. Charles H. Holbrook of Nashua, N. H. while on his way from York Point to some place in the interior, name not recollected, where he was going to superintend the erection of a factory, was attacked by a band of robbers, and shot dead. The driver was also wounded. An encounter took place between the servants of the party and the ruffians, which resulted in the killing and wounding of several of the latter, although they succeeded in escaping with the wounded and plunder. Mr. H. was a young man of much worth, beloved by all who knew him; he has left a young wife at Nashua, daughter of Col. Hazeltine.

THE AFFAIR OF THE PISTOL.—The New York Sun, speaking of the affair of the pistol on the 4th inst. on Wednesday week, by two persons from Philadelphia, which was noticed last week, says the case of the officer was also before the Recorder. An examiner took place between the parties on the part, and the ruffians, who resulted in the killing and wounding of several of the citizens, although they succeeded in escaping with the

THE OLIO.

Variety is the spice of life.
That gives it all its flavor.

The Quaker Girls; or Helen May.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

Who loves not Quaker Girls?
I'm thinking of the one we met,
With crimson cheek and sunny brow,—
All sturdy as a tree.

I heard her sing our summer eve
That fairy scene on seven hills;
My heart till life is done—
Oh, had we no Mother sing on May,
Nor sister made like Helen May,
The Queen of Quaker girls!

Who loves not Quaker girls?
I miss our chance to sing again,
With my sunbeetle through the rain,
Up Arch or Chestnut street;
It is so quiet may be my lot,
In April showers, on either spot,
That darling form to meet,—
But marked with white shall be the day
I rendered home young Helen May,
The Queen of Quaker girls.

Language.

The primitive tones of the human voice, which nature has impressed upon us, and which we utter instinctively, are, without doubt, the rudimentary ground-work of speech. The tones of grief, anger, fear, and surprise, are the same in a savage as in civilized man, and he "does not the ignorance of danger, but yet at the sight of his prey, protected or varied with the change of objects, was probably the origin of language in the earliest ages of the human race." By the common structure of the vocal organs, man is capable of emitting a greater variety of tones than any other animal, and has at his command the power of expressing every emotion.

Children have no difficulty in expressing their wants, their pleasures, or pain long before they can speak, or understand the meaning of a word. In the dawn of society, ages may have passed away until "the remains" of beauty, for so we always speak of a written story, will be understood, and our condescending, the least acceptable grace of those who stand on a higher level than their associates, since it betrays the consciousness of elevation. There were several persons in the drawing-room at whom I had hitherto scarcely deigned to look except that I was a stranger. The modes of English life are almost as unknown to us as those of China, but I remind me I was not at home, were more superb ornaments, a kind of flower-stand in every direction, a dinner-service all of plate, and those most convenient, the lustres, first-rate pictures, and a host of portable position, and I shrank into the first vacant chair I could find. Here I was left unnoticed to my quiet contemplate in my observation, when K. said to me, with something of the feeling of Columbus when when they first cried "land!" "there is Mr. Lamb!" Some gentlemen soon after made room for me, and I was introduced to the object of my curiosity. He was conversing with a few friends in the manner of a man who is accustomed to be listened to, and his voice was remarkably sweet and agreeable. He was dressed in a suit of black, with a white neckcloth, and his hair, which was thin, was combed smoothly back from his face. His features are not handsome, but there is a peculiar sweetness in the mouth, and his eyes are very fine. I was sorry to observe that he frequently put his hand before them, as if to shade them from the light, and I fancied that he was troubled with weakness of sight. His manner is simple, natural, and kindly. His conversation is perfectly unaffected, and his language is well chosen and flows easily, and, as free from Germanisms, as that of a native Englishman. He has a slight touch of Germanism, and he gave us an interesting account

* I have heard that in Shakespeare no being ranked what we call genius, and that he was considered by his fellows as a very good actor and only moderate. There was some truth with much nonsense in this. As a manager, he lived at the best society as he was fond, does not find any more than he acknowledged superiority of rank or conduct. The distinctions of rank are as vague and inappropriate to him as the assumption of talent to the puzzled child in her mother on the glass.

† I have mentioned whether to remember the short or prompt from my private memory. My impression is a slight to Shakespeare, and I am glad to find it confirmed by the [illegible] of Garrick was our companion and friend on the continent, and hinder that among him we would be always out of our travelling with the plates folded in glazed —any essay, a mere to—to pass here, on the very threshold of his acquaintance with [illegible]

of his first acquaintance with [illegible]. He was living with his wife in a most splendid part of Scotland. They had a beautiful child, and were blessed with the world, excepting once a week or fortnight, when he would come down to a pendulum in the hope of a letter or some other intimation that the world was remembered. "Now, Mary," said he, "I am going to young American—and" he seemed to them his angel." They spoke of him as if they had never seen him, and the impression of his celestial nature. Carlyle had met Mr. Webster, and expressed a high opinion of the American man. He was a thorough tall English, and he as familiar as the natives with the English constitution and laws.

"With all that praise or pains saith,
Of candor of law—a member of fact."

He and Webster's eyes were like dull furnaces, that only wanted blowing on to lighten them up. And, by-the-way, it is quite interesting to perceive that our great countryman has made a sensation here, where it is all but so difficult to make one or to make a mark on the ocean. They have given him the cognomen of "the Great Western," and they seem particularly struck with his appearance. A gentleman said to me, "He rose open, and looked and spoke, and you think they will never stop opening;" and a painter was heard to exclaim, on seeing him, "What a head! what eyes! what a mouth! say, my God! what coloring!"

We had a very amusing evening at Mr. Hallam's, whom (thanks to F., as thanks to her for all my best privileges in England) I never had the pleasure of seeing two or three times. But than him I never saw a more delightful person. He is a seventy to little more than seeing the pictures of these great people. Mr. Hallam is a very gentlemanly person, and a most good-humored and playful manner. I quite forgot he was the sage of the "Middle Ages" and Constitutional History" and I am sorry that I did not remember to be prepared to find him very agreeable. I was a painter was heard to exclaim, on seeing him, "What a head! what eyes! what a mouth! say, my God! what coloring!"

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I told you, my dear C., that I was going to dine at —'s yesterday. I was not aware when I accepted you that, when I drove up the approach to the great lord's magnificent residence, I should feel the loneliness and ease of the social man, that he is ever in search of. I was not aware that among the guests, the best known of all the wits of the city I first went to a dinner company in my life, and the vein, which is like a singer being in voice, and not sure how, I believe, I succeeded. I am not sure, as I expected, a succession of brilliant explosions, but a sparkling stream of humor, very like that which I had left in the city, which I am sorry to say I like him also, he seemed to enjoy his own fun, and he was not surprised at it.

He expressed unqualified admiration of Dickens, and said that Hallam was the greatest historian of Nackleby was said. There was a young man present, who, I am sorry to say, was not known to fame, but who, I am sorry to say, was not known to fame, but who, I am sorry to say, was not known to fame, but